

music less sweet? Was a sunset ever spoiled by a robin's song?

Do we ever read Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel" without seeing his artist conception of the pure, sweet face gazing earthward?

Was Keats the golden tongued ever better interpreted then when one of the brotherhood of artists sang the beauty of thought with brush and pencil?

Among the great illustrators of today are some that will stand forever for what is high in art. These are Will H. Low, Kenyon Cox, Elihu Vedder and Edwin Abbey.

Mr. Low attempted the illustration of Keats' poems and to all the lovers of this poet he has endeared himself for his close sympathy with and delicate interpretation of the text.

In Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel" Kenyon Cox has proved himself a "master of line and form." There is no poem which admits of a more artistic treatment and those who have seen his illustrations are at once impressed with his graceful work.

Elihu Vedder, when he undertook the illustration of the "Rubanjat" of Omar Klayan looked down deep into the mystery of the poem before he consented using that mystic swirl, so evident everywhere in all his drawings, as the symbol of the dark faith of the author. "The Cup of Death" is one of the most beautiful illustrations in the whole realm of pictorial representation.

No where did Shakespeare have a more devoted admirer than Edwin Abbey. His sympathetic appreciation is shown here and in his dainty illustration of Herrick.

Following these are a host of lesser lights, whom we may trace in the recent books and in the magazines Charles Dana Gibson and Howard Chandler Christy with their types of the American Girl, Stanlaws with his feminine frivolities, Loeb with his beauty-loving and emotional nature, Albert Sterner whose clever draughtmanship in Eleanor will be remembered, Walter Appleton Clark with his tenacious thoroughness of detail, Woolf, Ashe and still the ranks are swelled.

It would be unfair to be silent concerning that most abused of all innovations in the field of art, the poster, originating in Jules Cheret for advertising purposes it has come to play an important part in the literary world.

There is the immoral poster and happily it is passing out of existence, there is the hideous incongruity which has rightly been condemned, but the evolutionized poster is a true type of form in art and is a measure of the general development of the world.

Some of the best magazine and book posters are artistic in every sense of the word. Eugene Grassel's notable poster "The Son of Austerlitz" has been reproduced in stained glass. Such names as Louis Rhead, Will Bradley, Edward Penfield, Ethel Reed, H. L. Bredwell, C. D. Gibson, Will H. Low and C. E. Leyendecker are not to be despised as mere daubers.

The modern poster does not stand for the

art of the Nineteenth Century, it is only a phase of artistic development, and in the future it will prove more and more a most efficient means of inspiring the common people with a higher appreciation of art.

And who can forecast man's coming days? Far beyond the visions dreamed out by wise minds years ago has he come and who can tell what God may have in store for him beyond the veil of the present. Art in reference to literature has not yet reached the perfection intended for it. Every thing debasing, every thing false, every thing impure must be eradicated from its nature else it destroy what it has created.

But if it carries with it a better appreciation of our heritage from the past, if it inspires a love for the things altogether beautiful, if it teaches the higher and nobler meaning of life then it shall endure forever.

MY FIRST TRIP TO NEW YORK CITY

LOUIS S. BAUMAN

A few days ago in company with brother J. C. Cassel, I left the old Quaker City for a few days visit in the great metropolis of the western hemisphere. As we stood on the western shore of the Hudson, waiting for the boat to ferry us across, we were afforded our first view of those vast piles of stone and brick. Plunging upward story after story until we could count from our position twenty-six and twenty-seven stories standing out above other vast buildings,—vast had they not been in New York. We began to wonder whether those Gothamites did not know that there were a few acres of *terra firma* beyond Manhattan Island that they are pitching their tents among the clouds. They caused our minds to go back to the time when a lot of fools made up their minds that they would build a tower that would reach up to heaven, and then in case of another flood they would perch upon its top and laugh in the face of the very Deity, himself. But they were not the only persons that are trying to climb into heaven over material things. We have a great many good people today who are piling up public libraries, universities, hospitals, printing-presses, steamships, war ships, and all sorts of inventions in one huge mass; and strapping them all together with railroad iron, and capping it all with a telegraph pole, they expect to see humanity crawl up into at least the millennial heaven. Climb on, ye genii, climb on! If once seated on top your pole you don't find your bliss waxing worse and worse, then shall you prove indeed much of Bible prophecy to be the dream of visionary fanatics.

One of the scenes to be remembered was the scene at the foot of the great Brooklyn bridge. As we stood there, a spot trodden by more human beings in twenty-four hours than any other on earth, the words of the Psalmist came to us forcibly, "Lord, what is man that thou takest knowledge of him." What is a *man*? A merest drop in the vast ocean, an infinitesimal particle of sand on the mighty sea shore,—this is man, vain,

proud man! Yet, for a man,—just one man,—the love of God would have given his only begotten Son to die.

One evening, about 10 o'clock, we started out to see the only midnight mission in the city, if I am correctly informed. This mission does not open its doors until about 10 o'clock at night and an hour later is running in full blast,—rather a late hour for church; but, here it is, in the densest part of the city, in what is known as Chinatown, with its doors open every night in the year. Talk about men not going to church! They surely do go to church *here*, and they will go to church wherever they hear the music of the story of the cross. Men jammed in from pulpit to door,—men of a kind the dainty white arms of the church are not inclined to wrap themselves about—but men, our brothers, nevertheless, created in the image of God. I thought of Jesus and the time when there "drew near unto him all the publicans and sinners for to hear him." And I wondered whether, were he to come to New York as He came of old to Jerusalem, it would not be these of Chinatown who would flock unto Him and hear Him gladly. Yes, even so beyond a doubt, and New York would have her black-gowned Pharisees and Scribes to murmur saying, "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." As, sitting on the platform, I looked down into those faces I saw some low-browed, serpent-eyed fellows that looked as tho they were ready for any crime, and doubtless were guilty of all. Some, a few, made me feel as tho I were looking upon a giant oak that had been riven by the wind and storm. In them all I saw "diamonds in the rough." Some were gloriously saved, and to hear them glorifying God was enough to make one shout for joy. For instance, one fine looking man sitting beside me arose and in substance said, "Men, look at me, several years ago I was one of the worst sinners in New York. I was what the world calls a hopeless drunkard, a thief, guilty of every thing low the devil can lead a man to do. I was as hopeless and forsaken as you fellows. I was a partner in your sins. But Jesus saved me! Hallelujah! Yes, boys, He saved me and He can save you! Look at me, boys. I have good clothes now, a good job, and I am happy. Jesus did it for me and He will do it for *you*, boys. He saved me from drinking and from cursing, from tobacco chewing and a thousand other things cursing me and sending me to perdition, and He will do it for *you*, boys, He will do it for *you*. Hallelujah! Praise His name!"

Then they began to sing that hymn, always so sweet to me, but since I heard it there it is sweeter than ever:

"There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall;
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

"He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,—"

(Here, I saw the tears streaming down